Searchlight: Ship to Shore News from r/v Regina Maris

Vol. 2, No 10
Tuesday, July 6, 1977
Mouth of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland Overcast Wind: Southeast 25 knots

You have heard my views of *Regina's* expeditions---here is how Meredith Price, one of our students, sees it.

"We have begun our third week aboard r/v *Regina Maris*. The 30 strange faces on Commercial Wharf have become distinguishable, distinct personalities. Each of us has made a home of his or her tiny oblong cubicle, a feat we all thought impossible at first glance. There is one above me, one on either side, one catty-corner, and ten across the mess deck. These little honeycomb dwellings serve as places of repose, hideout, reading rooms, warehouses, sanctuaries, and, if you have a top bunk, showers. Their use is not so limited, after all.

"Occasionally there are three or four of us who heave-ho on the wrong halyard or sheet. Sometimes we get the right one, and heave-ho on a line that is still made fast on the other end. Imaginary fins cut through the water beneath each white cap; just this week the lookout on the Royal Yard called everyone's eager attention to what turned out, finally, to be a fishing dory.

"Our first fish trawl resulted not in fish, but a few hours of repair work for the second mate, our net expert, and more than a few hours for our winch expert. It may have been a big one or it may have been a rock, we'll never know. So we prefer to think of it as the Big One that got away.

"Our minds receive daily injections of information. We learn of whales with warts on their noses, whales with adolescent mustachios, which whales are curious, and which whales frolic. We learn of halyards, sheets, peak outhauls, clue inhauls, bunts for the squares'ls, brails for the mains'ls, mizzen this and heads'ls that, and a hundred belaying pins, each commanding a thorough familiarity that our last squall proved we had not yet come by.

"Does one add deviation or subtract variation? To the East or West? Was that a Minke, a Fin (or possibly a Pothead)? Here comes the mate and I'm 20 degrees off course! Today we have the 12 to 4 watch, the noontime dishes, undoubtedly a few sails to furl, and hopefully a few to set. And, by the way, who has been tarring the foremast shrouds! And who took my safety harness? Who clogged the head? Where's Rich? We cant get the radar to work!

"There's a mammal class at ten, navigation at four, and hopefully, seminar at 7:30 tonight. We are busy students, sailors, and best of all, gourmet companions."

Meredith Price
Aboard r/v *Regina Maris*

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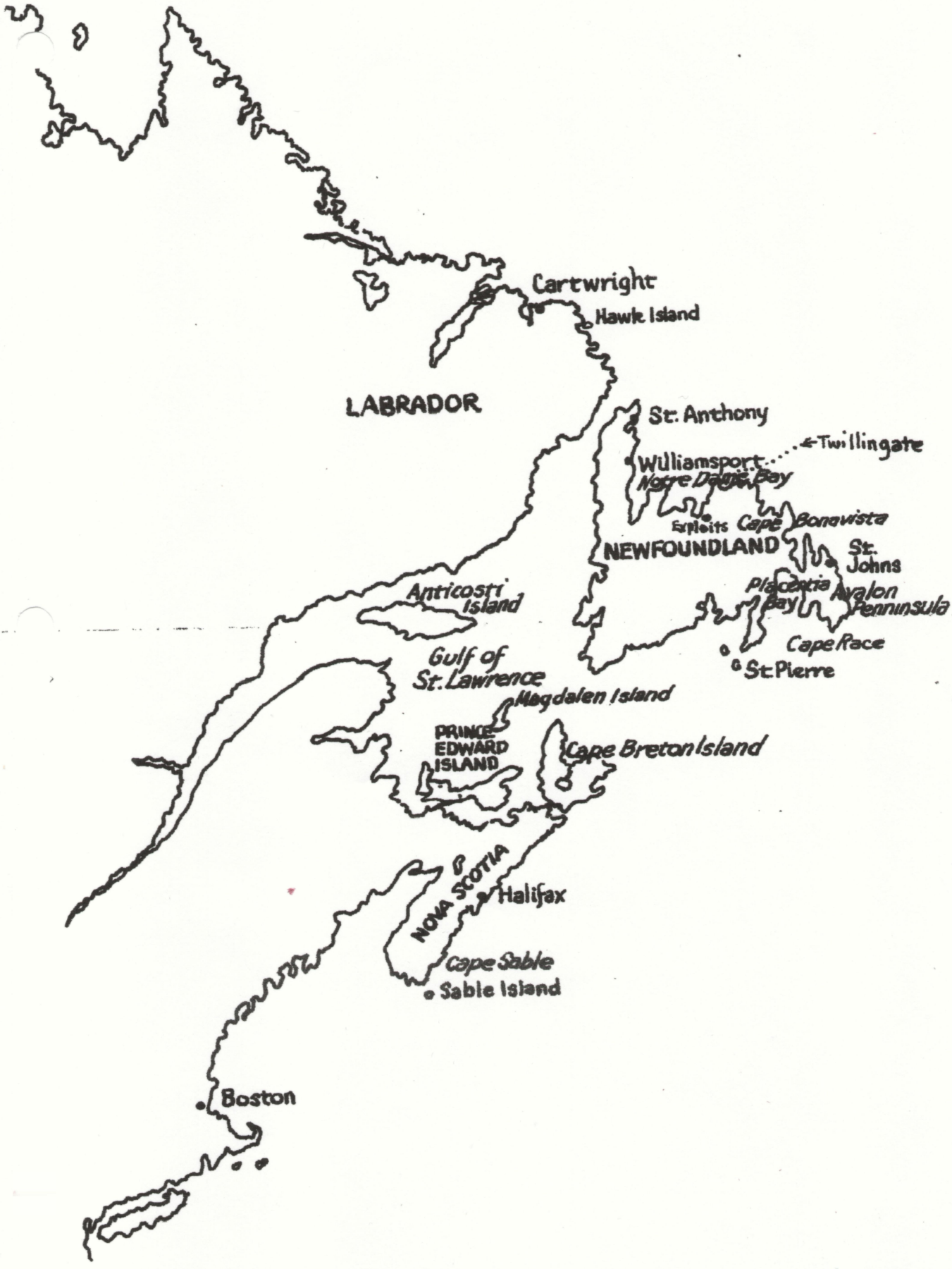

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Exploit, Upper Harbor, Notre Dame Bay

Monday morning, July 11, 1977

It's sparkling clear here this morning, the sun is just starting to warm the gentle northwest winds now that the long pink and gold shadows of the sunrise are shortening in the glowing morning. Exploits is showing us its very best face as we prepare to sail for St. Anthony's and Labrador.

As always, our two nights and a day here have been memorable. A fine climax to a week which has included: a number of whale sightings, including one group of nearly 20 humpbacks feeding in deep water in the mouth of Trinity Bay, a visit to Funk Island, where 10,000 pairs of gannets and innumerable murres (70% of the whole North Atlantic population, we are told) are nesting, our first iceberg (seen glistening in the sun off Twillingate on a lovely clear afternoon) and a visit to Twillingate Harbor and with its people. ("Some bot, bye"!) Frank Badger said to his brother, Bill, as he and a number of other admiring Twillingaters visited with us Friday evening.

Exploits is an ideal place to spend a Sunday "lay day" (a day of rest and recreation) and everyone took advantage of its beauties despite a gray overcast and two to three hours of rain. Groups explored the hills, walked the forest trails to the lighthouse and beaver ponds, collected mussels, sailed, rowed, and "visited" with new and old friends around the harbor. At 5:P.M. the *Regina* held open house for everyone we could contact and many came to talk in the still evening which had cleared at 4:45 P.M. as though planned that way. Richard Wells and Lydia, Ivan Walfrey and Frank Howard with wives and children, Tony Jeffries and Ada with their children, John Moore and Maryanne, plus lots of others came to talk about whales, fish, salmon, ice, seals, and just plain living.

The group split after supper to jig for cod, row, and visit further. Those of us who went to Richard and Lydia's ended with a "lunch" of seal, new bread and homemade black current jelly washed down with strong tea.

Is there any wonder why it's hard to leave?

Dr. George Nichols, Jr.
Master, M/V *Regina Maris*

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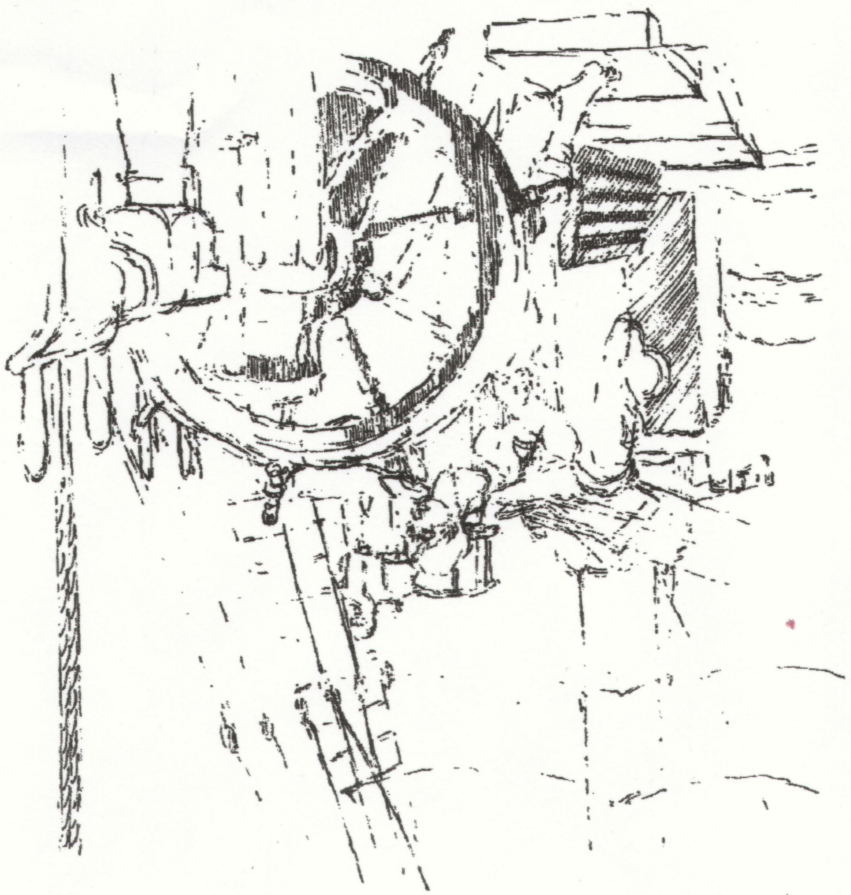

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